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Presumptuous LOVE: *K*

A

Dramatick MASQUE:

As it is PERFORMED

AT THE NEW

THEATRE

IN

Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, 1716.



L O N D O N:

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AT THE NEW

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OF THE

LONDON

P R E F A C E.

AS the Story of this Masque is taken from the Fabulous History of the Hea-then Gods; I hope there will be no occasion for an Apology, why they are treated with that Familiarity, I might say, Contempt of their Divinity, since we have so good an Authority as Lucian, from whose Dialogues this is chiefly copied; therefore, if any Thing appear harsh or grating, as Momus's Usage of Jupiter, the Reader is desired to consider, that it is agreeable to the Manner that Lucian writ in; and the Story must have been lost, or the Sentiments which the Antients had of those Deities, if we had not pursued the Language they made use of. I own here is a great deal of Room for fine Machinery Decoration of the Stage, and the like; but as that wou'd have encreas'd the Expences

P R E F A C E.

Expences of the House too considerably, we hope the Musick to this Masque will prove as agreeable an Entertainment to the Town, as hath been produced in this Kind some Years; for the Composing of which, we own ourselves obliged to Mr. William Turner, who hath a happy Genius in Naturalizing Italian Musick into a true English Manner, without losing the Spirit and Force of the Original in the Imitation, or the Masterly Touches of the Art in the Composition.

N. B. Those Lines Mark'd with a Comma [thus] ' are Airs, and those without, are Recitative.

Dramatis

James P. Thompson

Men

- Mr. Cook
- Mrs. Cook
- Mr. Reading
- Mr. Randall
- Mr. Leetbridge

- Mr. Thompson
- Mrs. Thompson
- Mr. Thompson
- Mr. Thompson
- Mr. Thompson

Women

- Deborah, a Water-Nymph, Mrs. Fitzgerald
- Two other Nymphs
- Mrs. Wile to Damon
- Mrs. Hunt

Dramatis Personæ.

Men

Jupiter,
Mercury,

Momus,

Ixion,

Damon,

Mr. Cook.

Mrs. Cross.

Mr. Reading.

Mr. Randal.

Mr. Leveridge.

Women.

Deiopeia, a Water-Nymph, Mrs. Fitzgerald.

Two other Nymphs.

Mopsa, Wife to Damon, Mrs. Hunt.

Pre-

And grant Ixion his desired Rest,

I die cruel God!



Presumptuous LOVE.

ACT I.

SCENE, *The Plains of Thessaly.*

Enter Ixion and Damon.

Ixion. O H fatal Love! thou Torment of my Breast!
Will none but *Jove's Wife*,

That Vixen of Strife,

The haughty proud Dame

Allay my hot Flame:

B

And

And grant *Ixion* his desired Rest?

‘ I die cruel God,

‘ If my Heart I reveal;

‘ But I die more than once,

‘ If my Love I conceal.

[*Exit.*

Enter Mopsa.

Mop. ‘ What Business so sudden occasions this haste?

‘ Return to your Plow,

‘ Or by *Ceres* I vow;

‘ Thou Peevish old Sot,

‘ Thou shalt know what is what.

Dam. ‘ Be gone, noisy Spouse, ’tis not fit you shou’d know

‘ The Secrets of Kings :

‘ Such Politick Things

‘ Employ my Brain now.

‘ Be gone to your Spinning,

‘ And Brats that are Whining,

‘ And leave these Projects for *Damon* to do.

‘ Ah

(11)

Mop. ‘ Ah! *Damon*, I know,
‘ Your too shallow Skull,
‘ Is always with Whimfies
‘ And Fancies so full :
‘ What Business of State,
‘ You Clown, can you have?
‘ Come back to your Plow.

Dam. ‘ I will not Return.

Mop. ‘ Come back I say now,
‘ Or else I will beat it into thy dull Pate.

‘ *Dam.* Now must I reveal all,
‘ To purchase my Peace;
‘ And when that is done,
‘ Her Mill-Clack will ne’er cease.

Ixion sent me to yon *Samian* Grove,
He with imperious *Juno* is in Love;

‘ And I’m to Pimp for him,
‘ Now that’s my Employ,

- ‘ Till the Goddeſs and he
‘ Shall each other enjoy;
‘ And if I ſucceed,
‘ He has given his Word,
‘ The Farm ſhall be mine,
‘ And I the Landlord.

Map. ‘ Go on, my dear *Damon*,

- ‘ Since you’ve the King’s Word,
‘ I ſhall then be the Lady :

Dam. ‘ And I the Landlord.

[*Exit Mopſa.*]

Damon ſolus.

- ‘ What ſtrange God is that
‘ I ſee there deſcending,
[*Mercury is deſcending.*]
‘ With Wings on his Feet,
‘ And this Way is tending?
‘ Odzooks ! I fo tremble,
‘ I cannot diſſemble.

Enter

Enter Mercury.

Mer. Tell me, Mortal, how you dare,
 With such impious Feet tread here ?
 Know, this is a Sacred Grove,
 Devoted to the Gods and Love.

‘ Then tell me, fond Fellow,
 ‘ For thou look’st flush’d and mellow,
 ‘ Who sent thee, this Errant,
 ‘ For I dare before warrant,
 ‘ Twas some Rival of *Jove*.

‘ Come tell me, each Swain
 ‘ That has felt the kind Pain ;
 ‘ When the God strikes his Dart
 ‘ Thro’ the Head or the Heart,
 ‘ Is not Love then a Riddle ?
 ‘ A Dance without Fiddle,
 ‘ That makes all Men Addle ?

‘ Then

- ‘ Then he that is free,
- ‘ From the Halter like me,
- ‘ May Ride as he will without Saddle.

Dam. Oh thou subtle, prying God,
Strike me not, but spare thy Rod;

And I will nought conceal,

Tho’ you know too well :

- ‘ My Master has an Itch
- ‘ To that Jilting Witch,
- ‘ Who rules all above :
- ‘ But *Jove’s* Bastards and Love.

Here comes *Ixion*, who knows best,

I’ll leave him to tell the rest.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Ixion.

Ixion. Eternal Pain, Eternal Pleasure,

- ‘ Thus to Love and thus to Languish!
- ‘ *Juno*, give me all thy Treasure;
- ‘ Grant thy Love, and ease my Anguish;

If

‘ If I presume, and too much dare,

‘ Give me what I dread the most, Despair.

Oh *Hermes*! pity me, assistance bring,

To this unhappy, this too daring King.

Mer. ‘ Let Courtly Delights, Diversion and Pleasure,

‘ In you, banish Sorrow and Grief;

‘ For while in your Breast, such a Passion you treasure:

‘ You’ll find but little Relief.

Remember *Delphos*’ Oracle, beware,

Beware of thy aspiring Love,

Avoid the Thunderbolts of *Jove*:

Think what it is, Eternal Pain to feel,

Fix’d to th’ Infernal, Everlasting Wheel!

Ixion. ‘ Once obtaining of my Love,

‘ Once possessing,

‘ And Caressing,

‘ Of Immortal Blessing.

' Is so far so much above

' Your Threats of everlasting Pain;

' Let me but my Goddess gain,

' I'll flight the Wheel, the God defy,

' And dare the Thunder of the Sky.

Merc. ' Come on then rash Monarch,

' Pursue thy sad Fate,

' For *Hermes* bewails thee,

' Tho' Pity's too late.

[Enter *Damon*, *Deiopia*, and two *Nymphs*.]

Deiop. ' Gentle *Damon*, make thy Choice,

' Which of us shall have thy Voice?

' Thy Master does our Mistress prove,

' Amongst her Maids come take thy Love.

Dam. ' Which way, Beauties, shall I turn?

' Equally for all I burn;

' Come my Fair ones, I'll appease you,

' I am strong, and made to please you:

' Singly

‘ Singly come to yonder Grove,

‘ I can Cure each Nymph of Love.

All Three Nymphs. ‘ Turn thee this way, this Way move,

‘ Turn thee this Way, I’m thy Love.

Dam. ‘ Odzooks! how inflam’d is my Heart with desire!

‘ The Tall and the Short, and the Thick I admire;

‘ And the Black, and the Fair, and the Brown raises Fire:

‘ Ev’ry Face and ev’ry Feature,

‘ Still inspires with some good Nature.

Deiop. ‘ Stay, my Dearest, not so fast,

‘ Love that’s eager cannot last;

‘ How he trembles with Desire,

‘ And his Passion rises high’r !

‘ *Dam.* Gentle Nymphs, invoke your aid,

‘ Quench the Flames your Eyes have made.

Deiop. ' Seize him, Seize him, Satyrs of the Wood, 12

' Cool him in yon Crystal Flood. [Enter Satyrs.

Dam. Avaunt, you Goatish Slaves, be gone :

What is my Crime ? What have I done ?

' Is it thus you reward your poor Clown ?

' First make him in Love, and then he must drown ?

Deiop. ' You're too hot, you're too hot,

' And a Cooling is good,

' To allay your quick Flame;

' And Temper your Blood.

' Seize him, Satyrs of the Wood,

Cool him in that Crystal Flood.

The Satyrs seize him, and then throw him into the River.

A C T II.

SCENE, *The same: A Symphony of soft Musick, while Jupiter descends on an Eagle.*

Momus and Mercury enter severally.

Jupiter. **B**Ehold this Arrogance of Mortal Race,
That dares eternal Fate,

Ixion braves me to my Face,

And laughs at all my Hate:

No Pow'r shall save th' aspiring Wight:

Hither, ye *Cyclops*, hither bring

Bolts of Thunder to your King,

I will punish this Ambitious Thing.

The gnawing Vulture, *Sisyphæan* Stone,

And all the Pains that make the damn'd to Groan,

Shall to his Torment seem,

Soothing Ease and soft Delight.

Momus. ' You long have enjoy'd

' That load of your Life,

' Sure now you are Cloy'd

' Of a Scold for your Wife.

- ' 'Tis true you have got,
- ' One limping poor Sot,
- ' 'Twixt you both, for a Son,
- ' And a dainty fine Baggage your Daughter;
- ' Now what wou'd it matter,
- ' Shou'd your Spouse make *Ixion's* Mouth water :
- ' Come, come, never mind,
- ' Let her once to a Mortal be kind :
- ' Her hated Embraces by that means you'll remove,
- ' And then you may ramble, and as you please, love.

Jupiter. Cease *Momus*, and have done,

Thou Carping God, be gone : [Exit *Momus*.

- ' Must *Jove* to a Mortal
- ' His Pleasures resign,
- ' And Man be as happy
- ' In Love as in Wine ?
- ' Then to Reign as a God is no more
- ' Then a meer empty Title of Pow'r :

Hear me, *Hermes*, Son of *Jove*,

Watch *Ixion's* dang'rous Love:

And

And when the proud Monarch wou'd Storm,

Observe thou subtile God,

That for *Juno*, he an Airy Form,

Compress, or fleeting Cloud.

[Exit Jupiter.]

Enter Ixion. A Symphony of Flutes.

Merc, ' Hail, *Ixion*, happy Prince,

' Under *Hermes*' Influence;

' All Success and Bliss attend you,

' Love and *Juno* both befriend you.

' If you'd have the Blessing lasting,

' Never ceasing, never wasting,

' To yon private Bow'r repair,

, And in Secret keep th' Affair.

The Form of Juno passes the Stage in a flying Chariot, drawn by Peacocks, and appears as behind a Cloud.

Ixion. Oh ravishing Delight! transporting Bliss!

Hence, boding Thoughts, be gone,

Of the Tormenting Wheel,

Or *Sisyphæan* Stone,

Such real Joys I feel,

As makes this everlasting Happiness.

The

The Scene opens and discovers the Grove; wherein is fix'd the Wheel: The Form of Juno vanishes away, and Lightning succeeds Thunder.

What shiv'ring Darts strike thro' my freezing Blood!

I now too late perceive the jealous God

Has baffled my aspiring Love.

Rouze, rouze, Ixion, brave the Wheel and Jove.

Enter Jupiter and Momus.

Jupiter. Behold, thou daring King, thy wretched Fate!

Just, tho' severe, is thy Decree,

This never-ending Misery:

And tho' you wou'd Repent, 'tis now too late.

Ixion. Repent, thou proud God

Of what thou hast done,

* To injure the Father,

* And rake with the Son.

* What for *Leda* thou wast made,

* What fair Mortals thou Betray'd;

* To Pleasure still thy base Amour,

And

* And enjoy the present Hour;

* Change thy Godship for a Whore.

Know then, cruel God, since my Sentence is pass,

And I'm doom'd in this Torment for ever to last;

Since Freedom's given to my Will,

Jove in Thought's a Cuckold still.

Jupiter. This Insolence afresh what God can bear,

Seize him, ye Spirits, drag him to despair,

And let him now my Mighty Vengeance share.

*The Infernal Spirits rise, seize Ixion,
and fix him to the Wheel.*

* All that Beauty's Flame adore,

* Now shall feel my Godlike Pow'r;

* Be enslav'd with ev'ry Fair,

* Celia's Wit, and Cloe's Air.

* They shall Laugh, Sing and Play,

* And still have something to say;

* To discover their Wit or their Folly,

* But when the Nymph's gone,

* For which all this is done;

* Return to their old Melancholy.

*Here Ixion being fix'd to the Wheel, all the
Infernal Spirits descend, while the Chorus
is Singing.*

Chorus.

*Thus Mortals false Delights pursuing,
Meet with real Ills from Fate:
All Men are their own Undoing;
Or procure their happy State.*

F I N I S.

